



Once Bitten

Once Bitten by pterawaters

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Summary:

A monster hunt goes wrong.

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Author's Note:

A while back, I hit a follower milestone on tumblr. To celebrate, I polled my followers for their favorite fandoms, characters, settings, and tropes. I then took the choices with the most votes and turned them into fics. This is the first celebration fic! I hope you enjoy it.

Favorite character: Steve Harrington (10 votes), Nancy Wheeler (3 votes), Jonathan Byers and Robin Buckley (1 vote each)

Favorite setting: Byers House (9 votes)

Favorite trope: Major Injury/Almost died (4 votes), There was only one bed and Werewolf/Magic AU (3 votes each)

Props suggested: Steve's sunglasses, Nancy's dick, and the nailbat

Trigger warnings: There is a major injury to a main character, some dub-con, loss of memory the morning after sex, canon-typical violence, and blood mentioned.

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“How do you know we’re even gonna find this thing?” Steve asked, his nail bat resting on his shoulder. “The full moon isn’t until tomorrow night.”

“Trouble started before the full moon last month,” Robin told him. “It’s out here.”

Their footsteps muted by the rain-softened earth, Nancy and Jonathan approached the intersection of the hiking trails. “Nothing,” Nancy said. “No weird sounds, no inhuman footprints, no tufts of fur.”

“It’s like there’s nothing out here.”

Steve *almost* laughed at Jonathan’s joke, before he caught a glance at Robin’s moonlit expression. “So, what now?” he asked, looking first at Robin, since this had been her deal. “Should we check over by the quarry?”

“Couldn’t hurt,” Robin agreed. She and Steve both looked over at Nancy.

She shared a look with Jonathan, finally throwing up her hands and saying, “Fine! Let’s go—”

A scream echoed through the woods, making Steve shiver, all of his hair standing on end.

“It came from that way,” he pointed toward the trail that went back to the parking lot, then led the way. He went as fast as he could, only being able to see as far as his flashlight shone.

Another scream rang out, coming from the same direction. Steve got to the parking lot and noticed a car on the other end that hadn’t been there an hour ago. Something stood on the roof of the car, reaching into the open window with long arms.

“No! Get away!” cried the person in the car.

Able to see well enough by the moon now that he was out of the woods, Steve dropped his flashlight and sprinted toward the car. He got a good grip on his bat and wound up. When he got close enough, he planted his feet and turned his hips as he followed through with his whole body. The bat slammed into the—fuck, it really *was* a—werewolf, tearing into flesh and drawing out an injured yelp.

Nancy and Jonathan followed the werewolf as it fell on the other side of the car, Nancy with her gun at the ready. Steve scrambled to them, leaving Robin to help the victims escape the car.

The werewolf came up growling, baring its brutally long teeth. “Jesus Christ,” Steve muttered, winding up his bat.

In a move that no rational *person* would have made, the werewolf lunged at Nancy, the only one of them with a gun. As the two of them went down, Nancy screamed just before her gun went off three or four times. Steve brought his bat down on the werewolf’s back and Jonathan grabbed it with his bare hands, like he was going to be able to fight against all those muscles and claws and teeth.

Unbelievably, the werewolf moved when Jonathan pulled it. That’s when Steve realized that it wasn’t moving. Was it dead? It was dead, wasn’t it?

Dropping his bat, Steve helped Jonathan shift the werewolf off Nancy, rolling it to the side. She was underneath, a dark pool of

blood around her hands and gun, over her stomach. There was another dark patch at the junction of her shoulder and neck, and the breath she took was far, *far* too wet. Jonathan looked over at him, eyes wide with fear, before whipping off his jacket. As Jonathan pressed the cloth to her neck, Steve couldn't help but ask dumbly, "It got her?"

"Shit, yeah," Jonathan said, taking a shaky breath. "This is so much blood!"

"Let's get her in my car," Steve said. "You keep the pressure on. I'll get her up."

Nancy coughed a couple times as he picked her up. "No, it's not that bad," she insisted, putting her hand over Jonathan's jacket on her neck. She handed her gun to Jonathan, who sucked in a surprised breath and started unloading it.

"Fuck, is she okay?" Robin asked, still talking to the kids the werewolf had been after.

"No!" Steve called back, at the same time Nancy insisted, "I'm *fine*. I just—" The rest of her sentence was cut off when she passed out.

"Nancy?" Jonathan asked, catching up and frowning at the way Nancy's head was stretched back.

"Get my bat, will you?" Steve called back at Robin, even though she was trying to tell the kids any sort of excuse. "If there's more than one of those things out here, I'm gonna need it."

"Got it!" Robin called.

As soon as Steve got Nancy into the back seat of his car, Jonathan still wrapped around her, Robin screamed.

"Shit!" Steve cried, running back across the parking lot. When he got there, Robin had the bat in her hands and the werewolf's head was a mess of pulverized bone and tissue. "Gross."

Shaking a little, Robin looked over at Steve, "So gross."

Taking the bat from her, Steve said, “Come on. Let’s get out of here.” Noticing the kids by their car, he told them, “You too. Get out of here. You were never here, alright?”

“O-okay,” said the boy, looking at the girl for just a second before they scrambled to get in.

Steve took Robin by the hand, tugging her toward Nancy and Jonathan. “We’ve got to get Nancy to the hospital or something.”

“And tell them what? She was bitten by a werewolf?”

“A bear, maybe?”

When he got back to the car, Jonathan had his hands pressed to the wound on Nancy’s neck. “The bleeding is slowing down already. Her heartbeat is strong. I think we might want to take her to my house.”

“Why not the hospital?” Steve asked, closing his door and getting the key into the ignition.

“What if it gets infected or something?” Robin asked. “One time, my cousin got bit by a dog, and his whole hand started puffing—” She stopped herself, looking around at the others for a second. “All I’m saying is that she might need antibiotics.”

“Let’s...” Jonathan gave a small, frustrated groan. “I can’t believe I’m saying this, but let’s give it an hour before we go to the hospital. In case she really starts healing.”

“Why would she—” Steve cut himself off. “Shit. Shit! She’s a...”

“I don’t *know*!” Jonathan cried.

Not wanting to argue with him any more, Steve headed toward the Byers house.

~*~

Jonathan carried Nancy from the car to his house, praying to every deity he didn’t believe in that he wasn’t making an unforgivable mistake bringing her here instead of to a hospital. Steve ran ahead of

him and tried to open the front door, but it was locked.

Reaching for Nancy, Steve said, "Here, I'll take her. You get the door open."

Jonathan didn't want to let Nancy go, but he realized that Steve cared about her just as much as he did. Steve would make sure not to hurt her. As Jonathan passed Nancy's unconscious body over into Steve's arms, his hands brushed Steve's. It was only then that Jonathan realized how tacky his hands were with Nancy's blood. There was nothing to be done about it yet.

Taking his keys out of his pocket, he opened the door and flung it wide. As he moved through the house, he turned on lights, leading the way to his bedroom. He figured it was the best place to put her, ruining his own sheets, rather than anyone else's. Throwing back the comforter, Jonathan told Steve, "Put her down here."

"Yeah," Steve said, gently laying Nancy on the bed. "Jesus, this looks bad."

"I'll get something to—"

Robin cut him off, coming into the room with a pile of dishcloths. "Here. Put pressure on the wounds with these."

"Thanks." Jonathan took the cloths and sat on the bed next to Nancy, pressing the bite wounds firmly.

Steve sat down on the other side of the bed, gently moving a stray hair out of Nancy's face. "Do you think we should try to clean out the bite?" he asked, looking first at Jonathan, then at Robin behind him. "See if we can keep her from..."

"We don't even know if it's true." Robin took another step into the room. "But it's probably a good idea, in any case. Should I...?"

"I can find everything faster," Jonathan told her. Meeting Steve's eyes, Jonathan asked him, "Can you hold this?"

His eyebrows jumped up with surprise, likely that Jonathan asked him to do *anything*. Just like letting Steve carry Nancy, Jonathan

figured Steve cared about her enough to make sure he was being gentle. After getting a nod of confirmation from Jonathan, Steve said, “Y-yeah. Sure.”

His hands free (if still bloody), Jonathan went to the kitchen and grabbed the spaghetti pot from the cupboard. He filled it halfway with warm water and a little bit of soap. On his way back to his room, he stopped at the bathroom, taking a clean washcloth out of the cupboard and grabbing the first aid kit.

When he got back, Robin was on Steve’s side of the bed, holding Nancy’s wrist, eyes on her own watch. Taking Nancy’s pulse.

As he took his place next to Nancy, Jonathan asked, “Is it okay?”

“Yeah,” Robin said, eyes on her watch for a few more seconds. “Eighty-something. A little fast, but nothing to be worried about.”

“How do you know that?” Steve asked her, drawing his hands away from Nancy’s wound so Jonathan could start cleaning it.

“Soccer,” Robin replied with a shrug.

As Jonathan pulled the cloths away, he was glad to see the wounds weren’t really bleeding anymore. He put one of the towels under Nancy’s shoulder to save the sheets below before he started cleaning. A minute into the process, Nancy made a soft sound of distress.

“Shhh, it’s okay,” Jonathan told her, splitting his attention between her wounds and the pained look on her face. On her other side, Steve looked away, but Jonathan noticed the way he was holding Nancy’s hand, letting her squeeze his fingers. Robin had left the room at some point, and without her there, cleaning Nancy’s wounds while Steve held her hand felt oddly ... intimate.

Nancy didn’t really wake up until Jonathan was finishing up taping pads of gauze over the bite as best he could. Her eyes fluttered open, and she said softly, “Jonathan?”

“Hey.” He brushed her hair off her forehead. “How are you feeling?”

She licked her lips before saying, “Hurts.”

“Do you want us to take you to the hospital?” Steve asked, drawing Nancy’s attention.

Looking over at him, Nancy gave a slight shake of her head. “Mm-no.” Her words came out sleepy, and a little slurred, and when she moved her free hand to tap Jonathan’s arm, it took a few tries before she hit the mark. “Pain pills, maybe?”

“Sure.” Before he left, Jonathan bent over Nancy, leaving a kiss on her forehead. He met Steve’s eyes just for a second before looking away and leaving the room.

Now that the worst of it seemed over, Jonathan realized just how bloody his hands were. Some of it had come off while he’d cleaned Nancy’s wounds, but there was still some under his fingernails and on his wrists. He took a minute to wash away as much as he could in the kitchen sink.

On the way back to his room, he noticed Robin curled up on the couch. If she wasn’t asleep, it looked like she would be soon. Jonathan didn’t get it. His hands were still shaky and his chest still tight. They’d *killed* a werewolf. It had almost killed Nancy. How could anyone sleep at a time like this?

When he got back into his room, Steve was still holding Nancy’s hand, but he had his head pillowed on his other arm, both resting on the mattress. Jonathan didn’t ask if he was sleeping, mostly because he didn’t know how to talk to Steve when they weren’t fighting monsters.

Jonathan turned his back to Steve as he pulled off his bloody shirt and grabbed a new one from his dresser. He traded out his jeans for pajama pants too, even though he knew he wasn’t going to sleep. He couldn’t.

He had to keep an eye on Nancy, after all. Had to make sure she was okay. The problem was, as soon as he laid down in his bed, next to Nancy, all he wanted to do was rest his eyes.

~*~

Steve didn't figure he'd fall asleep while holding his ex-girlfriend's hand, but it was Hawkins, so weird stuff was kind of a given. Halfway through the night, he looked up and Nancy was still asleep. Laying beside her was Jonathan, asleep despite the desk lamp still being on. Steve supposed searching the woods had been physically exhausting enough that they all needed sleep. Somehow, it seemed important that Jonathan trusted Steve enough to fall asleep in front of him.

Nancy looked surprisingly normal for how injured she was. Her chest rose and fell steadily, and her cheeks were pink, like she was warm.

Maybe she was too warm?

Letting go of her hand, Steve put the inside of his wrist on Nancy's forehead. She felt a little warm, but not like she had a fever to be worried about. Not yet.

Figuring he might as well get some more sleep while he could, Steve snagged a blanket from the foot of Jonathan's bed and folded his jacket into a rough approximation of a pillow. The first position on the floor he tried wasn't comfortable, so he turned over, facing the underside of Jonathan's bed. He could vaguely see the silhouettes of a couple of boxes stored underneath the bed.

There was also something kind of shiny on top of one of the boxes that looked open. Curious and too half-asleep to think better of it, Steve reached for the object. It was kind of rubbery, but pretty firm, and cylindrical. Steve had no idea what it was. He knew he should have left well enough alone, but he put his hand around it and pulled it out of the box.

When he got it close enough that some of the room light fell onto it, Steve realized it was a dick. Well, a fake one. A dildo. Grimacing, Steve put it back as quickly as he could without making a sound. He had not needed to see that.

What the hell was it doing under Jonathan's bed, anyway? Who did it belong to? Was it Nancy's? Why would she bring something like that here? Didn't her boyfriend have a perfectly good— Wait. What if he didn't? Was there something wrong with Jonathan's dick? Had Nancy

known that when she'd left Steve for Jonathan?

What if the dildo was *Jonathan's*? What if Nancy didn't know about it at all? What did that mean about Jonathan? Was he *gay*? He couldn't be, right? Steve had seen how much he loved Nancy, the way he looked at her while he'd cleaned up her bite wounds. Jonathan *loved* her. But he also had a fake dick under his bed.

It had to be some weird prank gift, right? Bought by someone else as a joke. There was no way pushing something like *that* into *there* felt good. Right? Steve couldn't understand how it might. Except it had been a long time since Steve'd had a girlfriend, and just the suggestion of *anything* sex related had him feeling a bit hot under the collar.

He pushed those thoughts away and closed his eyes, trying to fall asleep again. He was getting close when Nancy made a noise like she was in pain. Steve sat up, leaning over the bed to check on Nancy. Her eyes still closed, she turned toward him, taking short breaths through her nose. Was she in that much pain?

His heart hurting for her, Steve moved closer, stroking her head and her cheek, hoping that would make her feel better. She turned, wrapping both her hands around Steve's forearm, sniffing his hand and his wrist.

"Nance?" he asked in a whisper, not sure what she was doing. Or why.

Then she licked his wrist, and Steve couldn't help the shiver that coursed through his body. "Nancy?" Steve asked, and she looked at him as she licked his wrist again. "What are you doing?"

Jonathan stirred on her other side, pushing himself up and blinking as he opened his eyes. "What?"

Steve tried to pull his arm out of Nancy's grasp, but she held on damn tightly. "I don't know," Steve told Jonathan. "Nancy? What are you—"

He made an undignified noise when Nancy pulled him closer and buried her face in his neck.

"Nancy! Come on," Steve said, trying to push her away. "I'm seriously trying here, Jonathan. She's not..."

Frowning, he sat up the rest of the way. "Nancy?"

She didn't seem to hear Jonathan. Instead, she started licking Steve's neck.

"Hey, come on!" Steve cried, trying to shy away from the ticklish sensation of her tongue on his neck.

"I'm gonna take a look at this wound," Jonathan said, meeting Steve's eyes for a second, during which Steve tried to impart on him that he wasn't trying to steal Nancy back or anything. This was completely out of his control.

Jonathan lifted one of the edges of the bandage, peeling away the tape holding it onto Nancy's skin. Whatever he saw there made him gasp.

"What?" Steve asked, relieved when Nancy rubbed her jaw against his and then backed off. "Is it bad?"

"It's *healed*," Jonathan said as Nancy turned her attention to him, sticking her face in his neck. He went beet red at whatever she did next. "Y-you can barely see where it was."

"How the h—" Steve suddenly realized what must be happening. "Shit, I think she's..."

Nancy turned to Steve with a snarl. "I'm *what*?"

"Hey, you're talking again! That's a good sign!" Steve said, hoping a smile and a cheerful tone would dampen the murder instinct.

When Nancy grabbed him by the collar, threw him down onto the bed, and sat on his chest, Steve's hopes were dashed. "What do you think I am, Steve?"

Steve learned a thing or two about himself in that instant, and he had to bite his tongue not to give the answer on the tip of it. *You're so fucking hot.*

He blamed the neck-licking for his inability to keep his mind out of the gutter.

“Nance,” Jonathan said from beside her. “It’s okay. You don’t want to hurt Steve, okay?” He put his hand over Nancy’s where she had it wrapped around the collar of his shirt. “You can let go of him.”

The tips of Jonathan’s fingers brushed the hollow of Steve’s throat. Maybe it had just been too long since he’d had a girlfriend, but he was pretty sure he’d just learned something else about himself when that brush of fingers made him gasp.

This is so not the time for this, Harrington!

Nancy took a deep breath, her nostrils flaring as she looked down at him.

Beside her, Jonathan asked carefully, “Nancy?”

She let go of Steve’s collar and threw her arms around Jonathan, pulling him close and kissing him hungrily. Steve thought maybe now that she’d been redirected to Jonathan, she would climb off him, but he had no such luck.

“Um, guys?” Steve asked, trying to scoot out from under Nancy, but having a difficult time of it when she locked her knees around his rib cage. Strain in his voice, he wheezed, “Okay, now I can’t breathe.”

“Nancy,” Jonathan said, turning away from her and panting as he caught his breath. “Let Steve go, okay? Then I’ll do whatever you need me to.”

There was just something about *those* words, said in *that* voice, combined with everything else, that made Steve have to bite his tongue so he wouldn’t groan.

“Don’t wanna,” Nancy replied, leaning down and sticking her face to Steve’s neck again. At least her knees loosened up and Steve could breathe again. “Smells so *good*.”

“Sorry! I didn’t mean to smell–” Steve cut himself off when Nancy backed up, then pushed Jonathan at him.

“See? Good?”

“Nance!” Jonathan cried, turning onto his back next to Steve and looking up. He gave her a hard, almost angry look. After a moment of the two of them glaring at each other, Jonathan said, “I know you’re not feeling like yourself, but you *promised*.”

That seemed to get through to her, at least a little bit. She pouted, sitting back, her butt putting pressure on Steve’s hard on, making him shiver.

When neither of them did anything further, Steve licked his dry lips and asked, “W-what did she promise?”

“Not to use certain things I told her against me,” Jonathan said.

“A secret?”

“Yeah.”

Steve’s mind was already in a pretty dirty place, and Nancy was sitting on his dick, and it had been *so long*, and he remembered the dildo under Jonathan’s bed. His thoughts jumped to one conclusion, and he figured there was a good way to figure out whether he was right or not. Steve turned as best he could with Nancy still sitting on him, grabbed Jonathan by the back of his head, and pressed his lips to Jonathan’s.

Jonathan made a surprised noise, but he didn’t try to push Steve away or anything. Nancy ground down against him, making Steve groan as the pleasure sparked all through his body. The groan made him part his lips, the tip of his tongue brushing against Jonathan’s before pressing his lips harder in another kiss. Jonathan tasted sweet, and the skin of his face smelled nice, and kissing him felt way better than Steve thought it would.

Jonathan broke away, sitting up and breathing heavily. “What?” he asked as Nancy followed him, putting her face on his neck and one of her hands up his shirt. “H-how? How’d you know?”

Sitting up with the others, Steve shrugged and kissed Nancy’s shoulder. “You’ve got a fake dick under your bed. Thought you might

like the real thing, too.”

“Jesus Christ,” Jonathan muttered, letting Nancy take his shirt. “What are we doing?”

“I have no idea,” Steve replied, helping Nancy out of her shirt. Getting a good look at where her bite wound had been. “It’s like it never happened. You’re perfect.”

“You’re talking too much,” Nancy told him, pushing her fingers and scratchy nails back into his hair and kissing him.

Oh, fuck. Oh, he wanted her so much. Steve kissed her back and put his hands on her hips and thrust up against her.

Nancy growled. Steve got even harder in his jeans. Jonathan pressed his bare chest against Steve’s back, kissing Nancy over his shoulder. The skin contact felt amazing. He craned his neck back and kissed the corner of Jonathan’s jaw before reaching a little further and sucking on the skin of his neck.

The noise Jonathan made was sexy as hell, and it made Steve hate that he was still wearing pants. He let go of Nancy long enough to pop the button on his jeans. Then he reached for hers.

~*~

When Nancy woke up, she felt warm to the point of being sweaty. Every muscle in her body hurt, and her mouth felt cotton-ball dry. God, it almost felt like she was hung over. Had she been drinking last night? She couldn’t remember. As she opened her eyes, she was glad to see she was in Jonathan’s room, with the dark shade over his window drawn. Bright summer sunlight seeped into the room around the edges of the shade, and Nancy thought she might be in big trouble with her parents. She couldn’t remember if she’d told them where she was going the night before or not.

She couldn’t remember *anything* about the night before.

Hopefully Jonathan could remember. He was sleeping right there next to her, on his stomach like always.

Nancy turned toward him, asking, "Are you awake yet?"

"Mm?" he asked, moving his arm up toward his face, which was turned away from her.

Wait.

Nancy breathed in and it struck her that something wasn't right. Something didn't smell right. Well, this smelled like Jonathan's room, but there was another —

"What?" asked someone behind Nancy.

Startled, she turned, and found Jonathan in the bed behind her, pushing himself up and squinting as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

But if Jonathan was *there*, who was the person sleeping on Nancy's other side?

That's when she realized she recognized the smell that was out of place. It was Steve.

As far as she could tell, she was naked, and Jonathan was shirtless at least, and so was Steve. If none of them were wearing clothes...

"What... the... fuck?" Nancy asked, sitting up and pulling the sheet up to her chin. She turned to Jonathan. "What's going on?"

He frowned at her, scratching his scalp with one hand. "You don't..."

Nancy shook her head.

Eyes going wide, he asked, "What's the last thing you remember?"

"I..." Thinking back over it, Nancy said, "I remember it was Saturday, and you and I were gonna go rent a movie."

"Oh, Jesus," he said, shaking his head and then pulling Nancy into his arms. "Something happened."

On the other side of the bed, Steve stirred, turning over and looking

up at the ceiling.

Needing to just get it out there, Nancy asked, "Did we have sex with Steve?"

Steve frowned and blinked a few times before looking over at her. Jonathan answered, "Yes, but that's not the thing I'm most concerned you don't remember."

"You don't remember?" Steve asked, looking almost hurt.

"*Why* did we have sex with Steve?" Nancy turned to look at Jonathan, pulling out of his arms.

"I don't know!" Jonathan threw up his hands in frustration. "It was your idea!"

Nancy scoffed. "No, it wasn't!"

"You don't remember!"

Steve broke into the conversation, sitting up and saying, "You were really insistent. I'm pretty sure it was because of the..." He looked past Nancy, over at Jonathan.

"The *what*?" Nancy asked. "Did we get drunk last night? Did you guys get me *high*? What's going on?"

"Nothing like that," Jonathan insisted. Getting Nancy's attention, he met her gaze steadily as he said, "This is going to sound insane, but keep in mind that we live in Hawkins, okay?"

Nancy nodded. She trusted Jonathan to tell her the truth.

After he was done telling her she'd been bitten by a *werewolf*, she felt a little less trusting. "What? No. That can't be what happened. If I was bitten, why don't I have any bite marks?"

Wincing, Jonathan told her, "It healed. But look," he leaned over the edge of the bed and came back with a towel. It was stained dark brown, and Nancy recognized the scent of old blood.

"Wait. I can smell that from over here," she told him. "I shouldn't be able to smell that."

Jonathan grimaced. "Now do you believe us?"

Narrowing her eyes at Jonathan, and then Steve, Nancy asked, "Did I...? Was I like all furry and stuff when we...?"

"No," Steve said with an amused scoff. He reached for his clothes and started putting them on. Nancy noticed a patch of old blood on the shoulder of his t-shirt. "No, you looked like you. You were just very..."

"Aggressive," Jonathan filled in for him.

Taking a sharp breath, Nancy *needed* to know something. "Did I *force* you guys to do anything?"

"N-not really," Jonathan stammered.

Nancy felt like crying. "Not really? What does that mean?"

"It's all good, Nancy," Steve told her, putting a comforting hand on the side of her face, his thumb brushing her cheekbone like he used to do, back when they were together. "I was good with all of it. Even the, um..." He looked over at Jonathan, who blushed.

"The what?" Nancy looked back and forth between the two of them.

"*Anyway*," Jonathan said, turning away from them and pulling on a pair of pants. "Tonight's the full moon. We should get ready. Make sure you *can't* hurt anyone." Jonathan went to his dresser and pulled out a t-shirt, which he gave to Nancy. "How do you feel about chains?"

"*Bad*," Nancy told him, pulling on the shirt and then the underwear Jonathan handed her. "I feel very bad about chains!"

"That werewolf last night, though," Steve said, now fully dressed. "He was trying to eat some kids. We had to kill him. We don't—"

"We don't want to have to hurt you," Jonathan insisted. Stepping

closer, he cradled her face in his hands. "I love you."

Nancy sighed. Maybe it was going to take a little bit to wrap her head around this whole werewolf business, but at least she could count on the fact that Jonathan loved her. "Fine." Then she raised an eyebrow. "*But* you're gonna have to give me details about what happened last night. It's killing me not knowing."

Jonathan cried, "Oh, come on—"

"Actually," Steve cut him off with a grin, dropping back down onto the bed next to them, "I wouldn't mind doing it again. You know, jog your memory." He gave them both a brilliant smile.

Nancy couldn't help but laugh, her old affection for him surging to the surface again. She looked over at Jonathan, who seemed to actually be considering it. She told him, "I'm in if you are."

Jonathan sighed. "Fine! Fine. But we need breakfast first."

"Breakfast on me!" Steve insisted. Looking at his bloodstained shirt, Steve asked Jonathan, "Hey, can I borrow a shirt? I don't exactly want to show up at the diner looking like a serial killer."

"Sure," Jonathan said, and when he came back with a shirt, Nancy noticed she wasn't the only one watching Steve change. When Jonathan caught her watching him, he asked, "What?"

"Nothing," Nancy said, standing up and pulling him into a quick kiss. "Wanna know something fun?"

Narrowing his eyes at her, Jonathan asked, "What?"

"I can hear your heartbeat from across the room." She put her hand on his chest. "And I can tell just what makes it pick up speed."

"Great," he said sarcastically, but then he held out a hand to Steve.

Steve looked at the offered hand for a second before stepping close enough to take it. Nancy smiled at the way both of their heartbeats sped up. She helped Jonathan bring Steve closer and hugged them both.

“I don’t know what tonight, or *the rest of my life*, is gonna look like,” Nancy told them. “But it makes me feel better, knowing I can count on you guys to help me through it.”

“Of course,” Jonathan said, kissing Nancy’s cheek.

Steve smiled and tucked some of Nancy’s hair behind her ear. “Nowhere I’d rather be.”

A knock at the door drew their attention and Robin called through it, “Hey! Is everyone still alive in there?”

Nancy smiled at her boys – both of them – and smiled. “Yep! Still alive!”

Taking his sunglasses out of his bloody jacket, Steve put them on and said, “Let’s roll.” As he left Jonathan’s room, Robin laughed at him. Nancy shared a smile with Jonathan and let him take her hand before they followed as well.